

THE BRANDON MAIL.

VOL. 12 NO. 51

BRANDON MAN, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1894.

FIVE CENTS

A FACT

Nevertheless.

That a cold neglected means distress and sickness later on. One of the nice, quickest and best things you can take to cure your cold is **Fleming's Syrup of Tar**. It beats all other cures, nice to take and effective after taking.

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MEDICAL.

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Apply to **A. B. The Man**, **Office**.

FOR SALE, 1300 acres of good farmland **For Lease** on **McLean's** **Central and Detroit & Algoma** and **Iron Lake R. R.** at Prices ranging from \$2 to \$5 per acre. These lands are close to enterprising new towns, churches, schools, etc., all in the most favorable areas, titles perfect. Apply to **R. M. PERKIN** or **J. W. CURTH**, **West Bay City**, **Whittemore, Mich.**

Built For Business,

BUCK'S

STOVES AND RANGES.

They are Perfection. Why buy a Cook Stove of light weight and inferior quality when you may buy a better at Hard Times Prices. Baking and Cooking qualifications unequaled.

CHEAPER.

If you must have the Lighter Cooking Stove we can supply you at prices far below the regular selling price. This Line must be closed out to make room for Stoves on the way. Don't fail to get a Bargain.

Yes, It's

Getting Cold.

Don't be caught napping! Buy a Radiant Home Heater and be warm; it will lift the cold air from off the floor and cause a thorough radiation of heat, the most economical Stove made. You can get more heat with less fuel than any other made. See our other Lines of Stoves.

JAS. ROBERTSON & CO., **Hardware Merchants**, **Corner of Rosser and 7th St., BRANDON**

GO TO
MURDOCK'S
For New and Second-Hand
HOUSE FURNISHINGS

A full line of

Cutlery,
Glassware,
Crockery,
Lamps,
Heaters,
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Fianos, Organs and Melodions, Sewing Machines, and many other lines at exceedingly low prices. Please call and see for yourselves.

M. Murdock,
Corner 7th St. & Rosser Ave.

FURNITURE

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At 9th Street.

CALL ON US. **GET OUR PRICES.**

We will sell you Furniture cheaper than any other house in the province for two months only at slaughter prices.

W. H. MERRIT & Co.

25 STREET, BRANDON.

MISCELLANEOUS.

C. CARYL,
Watchmaker and Jeweller,
Rosser Avenue, between Fifth and Sixth St.

REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE.

General Fire Insurance Agency.

NOTICE.

I beg to advise the public that I have been appointed Agent for the Northwest Fire Insurance Company, of Manitoba, auth. capital \$500,000, inc. City of London Fire Insurance Co., auth. capital \$10,000,000. The Insurance Company of North America, cash assets, \$8,500,000, and that I am prepared to renew existing policies, and accept proposals for new insurances. All classes of insurable property written at current rates. Apply to

J. R. MALTBY,
Agent for Brandon District,
Halpin Block, Rosser Ave.

COAL AND WOOD.

Go to Purdon & Smart's 6th St., for best value in Coal and Wood...

Cross Creek Lehigh Coal, the best Hard Coal in the market, also, best Souris Coal, Wood in car loads retail...

A Full Line of Flour and Feed, always on hand...

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BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, &c. **Winnipeg**, **Man.** **Office** **36 Main St., P.O. Box 382**, **J. Hilliard Leech.**

STERLING & CO.

Debtors for the Capital and Canada

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Mosser Avenue, Brandon, Man.

Occasional Talk.

Today while the majority of lives are enjoying Christmas festivities, and feeling that the Christ of God has caused this mortal being to know something of the divine mysteries and joys. There are hearts, who in the gloomy silence of their mortal life are learning the lesson of their death, and an immortal life. Death's sombre hues are seen draped upon the stately columns of our political superstructure, and coloring with its message from the bones whence no traveller returns, hangs all over our fair dominion where the names of the honored dead now lies entombed. We have become accustomed to the ruthless hand of Gethsemane, pushing it through the veil and snatching from us in an unexpected moment that which God alone can give.

* * *

But what more particularly appeals to our susceptible nature is the dropping of so suddenly and among so many auspicious surroundings of that life whom everyone admired, and who have watched the gradual brightening of this brilliant light, until according to the zenith of its flight, like an evening constellation, sinks into the gathering darkness of the western sky. But what to us seems as glaring shadows, in reality is the portent of the glorious fulgence of an awakening morn. The luminary that leaves us to darkness and death, to others immediately beyond us, it brings light, joy and spiritual gladness. Thus it is with our awakening, we may not call it death. Death too long has been portrayed as a hideous monster lurking in dark places to catch the unwary. The old man silvered by time, and voe, whose head has passed the light and shades of many years. The man of strength, buoyant and in his prime. The little babe that has just learned nature's lispings song. These, snatched perfect, by an unrelenting fate, have been the poet's theme in bitter anthems against the inexorability of the unseen monster.

The drawing near of death brings to mind the closing words of that great poet, Tennyson, showing the gradual decadence of a life spent in pure hopes, and an awakening to a higher sphere. *Two verses will suffice.*

Sunset and evening star
And one clear call for me,
And may there be no moaning at the bar
When I put out to sea.
And though from out the bounds of time and space
The Good may bear me far:
I hope to see my noble face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

* * *

It is gratifying indeed that we see our great dead, conveyed in regal pomp and respect to man's last earthly resting place, where, as the sudden clay falling on the coffin tells us that the body is separated from us forever. It seems as if here death brought us all to the same place in the physical world, but that which we have done in our life. The offering of our fellow men: the spreading of sunshine and smiles among those who have been deprived of many of God's blessings. This is the lasting good of life that wins for man the epitaph "He being dead yet speaketh."

The Election Returns.

The civic elections are over and the results are known, but there is every reason to believe that there is a little dissatisfaction lurking in the minds of some that they were not wholly free from a dash of political coloring.

The following shows who are at the head of our civic affairs:

FOR MAYOR.
E. Evans, J. A. Smart, Rec.
Ward 1 127 103 11
" 2 83 23 4
" 3 115 118 2
" 4 77 121 9
402 438

Majority for Smart 33.

FOR ALDERMEN.

Ward 1, J. W. Fleming, 161.
J. A. Russell, 102.

Majority for Fleming, 58.

Ward 2, E. L. Christie, 166.
Alex. McIlvride, 93.

A. Whitelaw, 82.

Majority for Christie, 13.

Ward 4, N. J. Halpin, 128.

C. Pilling, 107.

Majority for Halpin, 21.

In the contest for school trustee A. C. Fraser defeated J. R. Maltby by 31. The poll stood—A. C. Fraser, 151; J. R. Maltby, 124.

Curling Match.

PRESIDENT. VICE PRESIDENT.
Hanbury 15 Gibson 14
Henderson W. 13 Townsend 15
Henderson F. G. 19 Helmwell 3
Philip 5 Fortune 17
Philips 16 Ingalls 13
Monroe 10 Kelly 16
McKee 5 Knight F. 26
Kitchen 13 Smith 12

The Vice President is 26 points ahead and one game between Terrence and Dr. Gibson to play.

City Council.

Present, the Mayor, and Alds. Durst, Cameron, Coldwell, Reesor, Kelly, Trotter and Halpin.

Minutes of last meeting read and confirmed.

COMMUNICATIONS.

From Brandon Electric Light Co., enclosing account. Referred to Fire, Water and Light com.

J. A. Moor re tax levied for fire protection on property situated north of C.P.R.

C. Cliffe re undue assessment on printing plant and stock in store. Referred to Finance and Assessment com.

H. G. Henderson submitted a communication dealing with business done for city and the account. Laid over.

Joseph Miles complained that they had taken earth off some of his property and had left a dangerous hole. He wished that the city would exempt him from taxes to compensate him for leaving his property in such a condition. Referred to Board of Works.

Daly & Coldwell re bonus granted to Alexander Kelly & Co.

A petition from house-holders on the flats near 9th St., and signed by D. McLean and others, asked that the water running from Parrish & Lindsay's building, cor. Pacific Ave., and 10th St., be allowed to continue running in its present course, as that was really the only water within reasonable distance. Being referred to the board of works, Mr. Kelly asked that his report be heard, which was that he had visited the spot in question, and the water was certainly causing great inconvenience by overflowing the street, though if some way could be made to let them have the water it would be well. Ald. Durst suggested that Mr. Kelly be asked to see the petitioners and ask that they assume responsibility in keeping a course open for the water so that it will not overrun the street.

J. S. Richards reported that he had made an inspection of the waterworks and sewers and found them in good working order, also that the hydrants had been tested and found all right. Filed.

INQUIRIES.

Ald. Coldwell asked the quality and condition of the fire hose in possession of fire department. Chief Richards replied that they had sufficient good hose on hand, and added that the hose was just a little heavy now that they had the water works.

Ald. Cameron wished to know if the wing dam at the pumping station near the intake pipe ought to be fixed. Mr. McLean was heard in reference to it and said that the piles were upheaving and that they should be attended to.

Ald. Durst complained that the crossings on the Northern Pacific line were not in keeping with requirements, the planks being lower than the rails, it made it difficult for heavy loads to be taken across. Mr. Kelly was asked to interview the solicitor about the matter.

MOTIONS.

Coldwell—Cameron—That the chairman of Finance com. be instructed to ask for applications for the position of Sec. Treas. and water rate collector of the city of Brandon, and at the same time for applications for the ex. rate positions of Treasurer and water rate collector, and clerk of the city of Brandon. That all applications shall be in the hands of the chairman of such committee not later than noon of the 2nd day of Jan. 1895. Carried.

Coldwell—Reesor—That the city engineer be instructed to make an estimate for this council of the number of nights on which it would not be necessary to have the street lights burning on account of their being reasonably sufficient moonlight, and report to this council, and that the Electric Light Co. be paid over for such report. Carried.

On motion Council adjourned.

Christmas Festivities.

The Christ in Endavor of the Presbyterian church will meet on Christmas morning at 9 o'clock instead of Monday evening, and at the close of the service will commence the decoration of the church in readiness for the evening, to enhance the pleasure of meeting together on this festive day. A large and varied programme has been worked up to pass their Christmas good cheer in a social and gladstone spirit.

The Sunday school scholars of the Congregational church purpose having a jolly Christmas. They are preparing a programme of great interest, which will include drills, dances, movements and tableaux, to be rendered on Christmas night in the church.

The Christian Endeavor of Calvary church will hold their usual Christmas social on Christmas eve. There will be a programme on social and refreshments.

The ladies of the Methodist church have in store Christmas cheer and gladness to many a poor little lonely life on the flats. A huge Christmas tree is being provided abundantly with gifts from Santa Claus and when completed the tree will be lighted and made to look like a veritable wonderland. In this way do they try to teach the children why we are so happy at this time of the year.

The children of the Methodist school will hold their annual Christmas entertainment on Tuesday night. Many new features for a programme are to be presented and doubtless a happy time will be spent.

Those who have been deprived of being at home for Christmas by confinement in the hospital, will not be forgotten.

Everything will be done to relieve the monotony of their sickness and to bring them cheer and good will.

GOLD

For the public.

Strome's Holiday Goods, Xmas Goods, and Holiday Presents in endless variety.

Just Arrived

One (1) case new silk goods and new fancy silks, Chinese Crepe silks, silk embroidered, table covers, piano covers, dressing gowns, new fancy silk laces and silk ties. One (1) case new dress goods, serges and Henrettas. One (1) case new table linens and napkins, imported from Glasgow, value not surpassed in the Dominion. Toys, Dulls and fancy goods for the Xmas trade, at half the usual price. Hair brushes, combs, tooth and nail brushes, etc., etc., etc. Every department at the Leading House replenished for the Holiday trade. Our gent's furnishings department replete with new ties, tie pins, cuff and collar buttons, fancy suspenders, silk handkerchiefs, &c., suitable for Xmas presents. Visit the Leading House where you get more than 100c. for every dollar you spend. Big reductions in all lines to meet the wants of the hard earned dollars.

The Queen's Farewell.

Stevenson Dead.

London, Dec. 17.—The embarkation of the late Sir John Thompson's remains takes place from Plymouth to-morrow. The Queen has ordered another wreath to be placed on the coffin at the time of departure. The Roman Catholic Bishop of Plymouth will perform the last services on this side. Tupper announces this afternoon that the steamer *Endeavour* will convey the body to Glenmore. The officials of the agricultural department express great regret at the sudden death. He was well known in the department owing to his frequent visits concerning the cattle embargo. At Windsor on Saturday, Miss Thompson bids farewell to the queen, who kissed her tenderly at parting. Senator Sanford returns on the ship with the body. The Earl of Derby says a wreath will be sent. Miss Thompson visited Brompton Cemetery, where Cardinal Manning spoke comforting words, the caskets containing the remains of Senator Sanford and Father Longfellow.

Truskey Hanged.

Windsor, Dec. 14.—Truskey was hanged at Sandwich at 10:15. A large crowd of morbidly curious people attended the service and were admitted to the jail yard. Just before 10 Rev. Mr. Hind and Radcliffe, the hangman, entered the yard in which Truskey was confined. After the greeting followed an awkward silence, the prisoner made ready for the gallows. His hands were not pinioned behind his back, but a chain of heavy leather belt buckled around his waist with straps at the sides to which weights were fastened. Rev. Mr. Hind addressed a few words of comfort and encouragement to him and the march to the gallows began. At the scaffold a brief prayer was read and then followed an awful stillness, which was broken with the words of the Lord's prayer. When the clause, "Deliver us from evil" was reached the weight was released and the body rose. A convulsive shudder passed over it, and the sentence of the court was fulfilled. Mrs. Truskey and her son spent the night with Mrs. Richardson, wife of the dead watch.

Notice to Subscribers.

To increase the subscription list of the **Mail**, we have made arrangements with a firm in Philadelphia, by which we can supply the portfolio of the world's photographs to all new subscribers and to all others who pay up all arrears at \$2.00 per year. We may say this portfolio is the best collection of photographs ever issued and the book is a magnificent work of art.

Copies may be seen at the **Mail** office.

new.

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair.

DR.

THE BRANDON MAIL.

Thursday, December 20, 1894.

GENL. WILLIAM BOOTH

SHORTLY TO BE IN OUR MIDST.

The General's Vigorous Campaign—Interview with the Founder of the Salvation Army—Earnest Work to be Undertaken in Canada—Sketch of the General's Life.

Of all the leaders in Christian work Gen. Wm. Booth, the founder of the Salvation Army, is the most unique. His name is known throughout the entire world. Until recently, however, he was but little known in person this side the Atlantic. Now the Americans are having their "treats" with him and soon he will be in our midst. The General, a little time back, left his home in England with a well defined plan for work in the States and Canada. Sowell was this plan of campaign arranged that the General knew exactly where he was to spend each day till he starts for home in March next. He was to visit in all seven cities and hold 570 meetings. How well the programme has been carried out we cannot say, but certain it is that Mr. Booth has not been idle. After touching some eastern points in Canada he left for New York and has since been holding meetings in the United States working westward. He is at this writing on the Pacific coast, probably again in Canada. He is set down for Winnipeg on the 16th, 17th and 18th of January. Previous to his arrival in Winnipeg he will visit and conduct monasteries spiritual and social demonstrations at Victoria, Vancouver, Nanaimo, New Westminster, Calgary, Regina, Brandon and Portage, arriving in Winnipeg on the 18th. Extensive preparations are being made by Major Read and his staff to make the general's stay in Manitoba's capital one of great interest. It is intended to present him with an address of welcome at the C. P. R. depot waiting room, when several leading citizens will also verbally welcome the general and his staff on behalf of the respective professions and organizations of the city. Grace church has been kindly loaned for the occasions, in which building all the public meetings will be held. These meetings will be made specially attractive. On the first night the general will give an address on his social scheme, the chair to be taken by one of Winnipeg's leading men. The other two afternoons and evenings will be devoted to a series of intensely deep and spiritual meetings called "Two days with God," at which the Army's leader will speak on "The Christianity of Christ." These meetings will be of a similar type

the Social Gazette and of the Young Soldier, which have a combined circulation of four hundred thousand, and Staff Captain Taylor, a sort of official reporter, complete the imported party.

General Booth thus outlines his social regeneration schemes. In Great Britain the Army has 220 institutions, classified as follows:—Slum posts, 64; rescue homes, 48; ex-prisoners homes, 12; food depots, 21; shelters, 33; labor bureaus, 19; labor factories, 17; farm colonies, 6; total 220. He says that seventy per cent of "lost" girls who are placed in situations by the



"IF A MAN'S COW DIES WE'LL BUY HIM ANOTHER."

Army are still saved, after three years. Poor men who are "down," he thinks, through losing their chances or through illness, can be lifted up if only there is some one to lift them. It is not a crime to have lost all one has, and to have pawned one's clothes.

"The essence of my farm colony scheme," he went on, "is the transfer of 'prepared' persons from the overcrowded slums. These persons are not submerged but are in such circumstances that their poverty may lead them to be submerged. Their habits may be changed so that they may help to form, what I consider, the glory of any country, an honest, hard working, peasant, contented with plenty to eat, and having a happy hallelujah time of it.

"Do you suppose I'm such an ass," he went on vehemently, "as to want to transact for a lot of loafers, abandoned women and criminals to my colony?" Then he asked, referring to the word "ass," "Do you say that in this country?" There was a chorus of "Yes." Then the General asked that the word be changed to simpleton.

"In my farm colony in England I have 520 strapping fellows who work from six in the morning to six in the evening every day," he said. "They get a little money and they save some of it, and they're courting the girls in the village. They are being made into good men. They are the product of our efforts, money, prayer and love.

"It is not my intent to send only reformed persons to the farm colony, nor to leave them to their fate when they get there. We shall have prepared places for prepared candidates, cottages and stables and wheelbarrows all ready for them, the ground owned by the Army and rented to them. If a man's cow dies we will buy him another. My scheme is vastly superior to that of Baron Hirsch, and I am not discouraged by anything Herbert Spencer may have said about such colonies.

"I don't know where my colony will be, but of ten colonies suggested to me, representatives of seven have asked me to ask for land in their borders. But I'm like a man with too many sweethearts, I don't know which to choose."

Then some one asked him what the Queen thought of the Salvation Army, and the General replied:

"Oh, the Queen expressed herself favorable on the question long ago. There is not a Liberal in the present government who is not in hearty sympathy with me. In fact, I don't know of any one of repute who is opposed to me.

"As to the opposition to the Army on account of the noise it makes, that is dying out. In religion there is the silent party and the noisy party. We are the noisy party. Some persons might make as strong an objection against the silent as others do against the 'noises.'

"Religion is a thing of the heart, not of the intellect. The sphere of God is in the heart. A man may have religious knowledge and man what is right, but still cling to the wrong. If a man feels he will manifest his feeling, I have seen men sit in church like things of terra cotta, and it is not for me to condemn them, nor they me.

"We are uncultured in the art of expressing our feelings. When we are happy we laugh."

William Booth's father was a merchant of Nottingham, who had made a small fortune, which he afterwards lost in an unfortunate speculation, dying prematurely while William was a boy. His mother was of so amiable a disposition and saintly a character that he regarded her as the nearest approach to human perfection with which he was acquainted. His parents were members of the Church of England, but William, the sole surviving son, already put to business before he was 15, was converted in a Wesleyan chapel. From that time on he showed that he had the gift of an evangelist. Young as he was, he soon became the leader of a band of zealous young men, who took all their time out of business hours for evangelistic work. He worked from early morning until 8 o'clock at night for his employers, developing his father's enterprise and skill, and then he would work until late in the night, as he did all day Sunday, trying to save other men and women. His business abilities gave him promotion when he was 20 from Nottingham to London, where he continued to prosper, both in his business and in his mission work.

Not long after his arrival in London, he left business behind him and entered the ministry, where he had remarkable success from the first. It was in London, in 1851, that he met Catherine Mumford, the wonderful woman who afterwards became his wife, and who is well called "the mother of the Salvation Army." She was as remarkable as he, and after their marriage in 1855, they worked together as evangelists with almost unparalleled success. As a speaker, a leader and in every capacity she was her husband's equal if not superior. No woman in England commanded such audiences while she lived, and 50,000 people followed her funeral when she died, six years ago. Besides all her public work she so brought up her nine children that every one of them became a Christian as a child, and everyone, except an invalid daughter, is now an active officer of the Salvation Army. All that she accomplished is made the more remarkable by the fact that she was herself a lifelong invalid.

Like his son, who has charge of the forces here, General Booth speaks with the accent of an Englishman from the vicinity of Staffordshire in Lancashire. It is a form of speech rarely heard from the lips of educated Englishmen. Occasionally he drops an "h" two.



GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH.

to those conducted periodically in Exeter hall, of London, England, which is always crowded on these special occasions. Besides these public gatherings there will be select interviews. In all probability the general will attend a reception at Government House. He will also meet with and counsel his Manitoba Field officers and receive a triumphant send off at the C. P. R. depot on the day of his departure for Port Arthur, Fort William and Western Ontario. It may be interesting to readers to know that Lieutenant Governor Dewdney of Victoria, B. C., and his government will meet General Booth and hear the explanation of his scheme for the alleviation of the fallen. Lieutenant-Governor Mackintosh, of the Territories, has kindly consented to entertain the general and his staff at Regino while the civic bodies at each of the above cities will publicly welcome General Booth. The largest buildings have been secured and all along the line much interest is being aroused in connection with General Booth's visit.

An American exchange says time has not dealt too unkindly with the General during the eight years since he was last in this country. Though he looks every minute of his sixty five years, and his hair and beard are gray, there is still plenty of fire in his voice and energy in his action when he gets roused while speaking of his life's work. His eyebrows are still slack.

"I consider my health wonderful," said the General, "I take care of myself. My habits are moderate. In principle and practice I have been a vegetarian for fifteen months, but before coming to this country, not wishing to be unnecessarily singular, I returned to a meat diet. I shall live in private houses while here, and I know that my hosts will probably prepare dishes for me, and that they will be disappointed if I don't take them. So, you see, I have back-slipped."

General Booth dresses in a scarlet jersey, covered with a long military coat, the collar of which bears the seal of the army and the motto "Blood and Fire." He wears a silk hat, somewhat like that of a Parisian boulevardier. He is the only officer in the army who is allowed to wear this dress.

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Traveling as part of the staff of the Napoleon of Blood and Fire is Colonel Lawley, an officer of seventeen years' standing in the English Salvation Army, who has voyaged constantly with the General. "He sings solos, such as they are, of his own composition and assists me in prayer meetings," said the General, describing him. Colonel Nichol, a Scotch officer, editor of the English War Cry, of

minister in London with the "Reformers," a section of Methodists, and was paid a friend, who undertook to pay his salary, how much money he would require. "Twelve shillings per week will keep me in bread and cheese," was the reply. The gentleman, however, thought this not enough and insisted on giving him £1 weekly. And in order to be a minister with this pittance he had given up a good business position and excellent earthly prospects.

In 1861, after seeing multitudes of souls saved as a minister and evangelist in the Methodist New Connection, he went out, not knowing whether he went. And in spite of the greatest possible pressure put upon him to remain and the prospects of comfort, fame and honor if he stayed there.

In the fall of the same year the general and Mrs. Booth went to Cornwall, where with the next eighteen months they saw in their meetings no fewer than 7,000 conversions.

In 1865, after four years of success in soul-saving in other parts of Great Britain after the fashion of Cornwall, the general for the third time, went alone, and almost penniless, on the Mile End Waste in London. This step was largely due to dissatisfaction with the way in which the converts saved in his services had been treated or rather neglected, by the churches into which he had sent them.

From 1865 to 1878 were the days of the Christain mission.

In 1878 the Christain Mission became the Salvation Army, "stations" were called "corps," the flag was designed by the general, the motto, "Blood and Fire," was adopted and Mrs. Booth invented the hallelujah bonnet. At the end of that year the army had 81 corps and 127 officers, of whom 101 had been saved in its own meetings.

In 1880 Commissioner Railton brought the first expedition that left Great Britain to New York. In 1881 the army pioneers started for Australia and New Zealand, La Marechale Booth-Clibborn commenced work in France. In 1882, India, Sweden, Canada, South Africa and Switzerland were opened; Germany in 1885; Holland, Denmark followed in 1887; Norway in 1888; South America, Finland and Belgium in 1889; northern Italy in 1891, and Jamaica in 1892, while this year is to be signalized by the invasion of Spain, Egypt, Palestine, Japan, Java, Demarara and Malta.

To-day the forces of the army consist of some 4,000 corps, under 12,000 officers, who hold 30,000 services every week, in 40 countries and colonies. The total circulation of its 33 weekly and monthly papers, in 21 languages, is about 50,000, 600,000 copies per year, or nearly 1,000,000 per week. These papers, too, are all sold



"WE ARE THE NOISY PARTY."

not given away—and there is not one paid "outside" advertisement to be found in one copy in any land or language.

In 1890 the general published that epoch-making book, *In Darkest England and the Way Out!* This volume contained the largest, deepest, most far-reaching, most statesmanlike and, at the same time, most practical scheme—for a man who had the Salvation Army behind him—for the abolition of poverty and pauperism that the world had ever seen. Of the numerous agencies described in this book many are at work in almost every country where the army flag waves. In Great Britain most parts of the city colony and farm colony sections as others do against the "noises."

"Religion is a thing of the heart, not of the intellect. The sphere of God is in the heart. A man may have religious knowledge and man what is right, but still cling to the wrong. If a man feels he will manifest his feeling, I have seen men sit in church like things of terra cotta, and it is not for me to condemn them, nor they me.

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GENERAL UNITY.

A Roman Protest on a Protestant Platform in New York.

For the first time in the history of the Union Theological seminary, of New York, its lecture platform was occupied recently by a priest of the Roman Catholic church. It has been the custom during the past few years for the members of the Homiletical society, an association composed of students belonging to the senior class, to invite clergymen of various denominations to address them at certain periods on subjects appertaining to the work of the ministry, to which the most prominent pulpit orators and thinkers of all shades of Protestant belief have responded. It was left, however, for this season's course of lectures, the topic being "Methods of Preaching," to include one from a representative of the Roman Catholic communion, the Rev. Alexander P. Doyle, of the Pauline Fathers. Prof. Briggs presented and introduced the lecturer in these words: "I take pleasure in introducing to you the Rev. Father Doyle. He represents the great preaching order of the Pauline Fathers, which has done more to elevate the character of preaching in the Roman Catholic church than any other. I am glad to welcome the father here as the representative of the great mother church of Christendom, whose head recently issued a touching appeal for the reunion of the church. It breathes a spirit like that of the Master himself. In opening his remarks, Father Doyle said: "When the invitation came to me to address the Homiletical society of the Union Theological seminary, through my highly esteemed friend Dr. Briggs, I felt it would not only be an error of judgment on my part to refuse it, but I would be guilty of neglect in my devotion to one of the great principles of my life, for it would be casting aside one of those rare opportunities of healing the breach of religious dissension and securing Christian unity. I have always made it a settled purpose to sit on the same platform with my brethren of other denominations whenever it was possible without sacrificing any principle of dogmatic faith."

It goes without saying that all our religious misunderstandings, and most of our religious antipathies, arise from the fact that we do not know each other well enough. Ignorance of each other's opinions and want of appreciation of each other's motives have often led us to impute false ideas and extravagant notions to each other, while a better knowledge and broader charity would have united us in a common brotherhood."

"In 1862 he took his first charge as a

minister in London with the "Reformers," a section of Methodists, and was paid a friend, who undertook to pay his salary, how much money he would require. "Twelve shillings per week will keep me in bread and cheese," was the reply. The gentleman, however, thought this not enough and insisted on giving him £1 weekly. And in order to be a minister with this pittance he had given up a good business position and excellent earthly prospects.

In 1861, after seeing multitudes of souls saved as a minister and evangelist in the Methodist New Connection, he went out, not knowing whether he went. And in spite of the greatest possible pressure put upon him to remain and the prospects of comfort, fame and honor if he stayed there.

In the fall of the same year the general and Mrs. Booth went to Cornwall, where with the next eighteen months they saw in their meetings no fewer than 7,000 conversions.

In 1865, after four years of success in soul-saving in other parts of Great Britain after the fashion of Cornwall, the general for the third time, went alone, and almost penniless, on the Mile End Waste in London. This step was largely due to dissatisfaction with the way in which the converts saved in his services had been treated or rather neglected, by the churches into which he had sent them.

From 1865 to 1878 were the days of the Christain mission.

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To-day the forces of the army consist of some 4,000 corps, under 12,000 officers, who hold 30,000 services every week, in 40 countries and colonies. The total circulation of its 33 weekly and monthly papers, in 21 languages, is about 50,000, 600,000 copies per year, or nearly 1,000,000 per week. These papers, too, are all sold

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"Religion is a thing of the heart, not of the intellect. The sphere of God is in the heart. A man may have religious knowledge and man what is right, but still cling to the wrong. If a man feels he will manifest his feeling, I have seen men sit in church like things of terra cotta, and it is not for me to condemn them, nor they me.

"As to the opposition to the Army on account of the noise it makes, that is dying out. In religion there is the silent party and the noisy party. We are the noisy party. Some persons might make as strong an objection against the silent as others do against the 'noises.'

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For the first time in the history of the Union

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

HOW THEY CELEBRATED THEIR WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

The Occasion, or Rather the Event in Anticipation, Makes Some Interesting Reading Owing to the Methods of the Well-Known Couple.

"Do you know," said Mr. Bowser the other evening as he looked over to Mrs. Bowser, "that the anniversary of our wedding comes around pretty soon?"

"Yes, dear," was the reply.

"Next week Wednesday we shall have been married twelve years."

"Yes, twelve years."

"Some men forget those things," continued Mr. Bowser as he mended a little more, "but I never do. I want to buy you a gift of some sort, but as I couldn't think of just the thing I thought I'd ask you about it. What shall it be?"

"Oh, but you are so kind, Mr. Bowser. As to the gift, I'm sure you will get something to please me."

"I want to, of course, but I've been wondering if you wouldn't as soon accept \$50 in cash. You can then buy what pleases you best."

"You dear, good man!"

"Well, I want to do what is right, and I want to make you happy. There's too much neglect on the part of husbands. I know men who never seem to think of their wives."

"Yes, there are plenty such."

"All that was a happy day when we stood at the altar," exclaimed Mr. Bowser after a moment's reflection. "You looked like an angel that day, but no handsomer than you have every day since."

"Thank you, dear. You are so good," replied the blushing Mrs. Bowser.

"I think we have had as much happiness as most of them, don't you?"

"There was nothing more ready about our marriage. It was not at first sight and love at the way-through. I don't remember that we ever had a lover's quarrel."

"Just a little one, I believe," she replied, though she regretted her blunder an instant.

"What was that about?"

"Why—why—about Tom—Tom?"

"Oh, yes! That fool of a Tom Brown was hanging around you, and I of course objected. I remember now. The night we made up I asked you to be my wife. Do you remember where we were?"

"Yes, dear. We sat on the veranda in the moonlight. Not a word had been said for a long time when you suddenly knelt at my feet and poured forth your impassioned declaration of love."

"What? What's that?" exclaimed Mr. Bowser as he rose up. "I knelt at your feet?"

"Yes, dear, just as the chevaliers of old knelt."

"Mrs. Bowser! The chevaliers of old are hanged. I remember how it was as plain as day. There were fifteen mighty good-looking girls camped on my trail and only that head-shield of a Tom Brown speeding around you. I had hurt your feelings and in making up with you I said something about marriage. You jumped at it like a wolf for a bone."

"Why, Mr. Bowser?"

"Yes, had me fast before I realized it. The idea of my getting down on my knees and acting like a fool!"

"But don't you remember that you said you'd commit suicide if I didn't marry you?"

"What? Are you talking to me, Mrs. Bowser? I get down on my knees and pour out hand-to-hand and talk about suicide? Women are you crazy?"

Mrs. Bowser ought to have been politic enough to remember that it was Tom Brown who did the knelling and the pouring, but she felt nettled and replied:

"Yes, you threatened to take poison that very night, and father found out of your bad heels on the veranda next morning."

"One of my bad heels! I kicked off one of my best heels as I puffed forth, did I?"

"Well, dear, we loved each other, and of course we had a little quarrel, and of course I was proud to have you knelt to me. Mother heard your impassioned appeal from her window, and she—"

"My impassioned soul! I threatened to commit suicide!" Mrs. Bowser, next Wednesday we shall have been married twelve years!"

"And my best soul! I threatened to commit suicide!" Mrs. Bowser, next Wednesday we shall have been married twelve years!"

"Yes, dear."

"And they have been years of misery to me!"

"But you said—"

"And you get no present?"

"But you—"

"And I see now why it doesn't do for a husband to be kind and loving to his wife!"

"My dear, will you let me speak?"

"And it wasn't a happy day when we stood at the altar!" he shouted.

"But, dear—"

"There was no love at first sight, and you never looked like an angel!"

This time Mrs. Bowser held her peace, but after he had tramped around for a moment he continued:

"Impassioned appeal! Pouring forth my love! Kicking off the heel of my boot as I threatened to commit suicide!"

Mrs. Bowser was still silent.

"I may be engaged in the library all night getting the papers ready for our respective lawyers to look over, but I shall see our child in the morning. We, good night!"

Mrs. Bowser went to bed and to sleep. At midnight the clang of the fire bells awoke her, and she found Mr. Bowser snoring contentedly in his accustomed place.—M. Quad in St. Louis Republic.

HOW CLOVES GROW.

The small evergreen tree from which cloves are taken was originally a native of the Spice Islands, but it is now cultivated in warm climates in all parts of the world.

The clove of commerce is the unopened flower of the tree. They are quite small, but grow in large clusters among the branches. After gathering the buds are smoked by a wood fire and dried in the sun. Both the taste and smell of the cloves depend on the quantity of the oil they contain.

Sometimes the oil is separated from the cloves before they are sold, and the color and taste are in consequence much weakened. If you desire to know something of the form of the oil in the natural state soak a few cloves for a short time in hot water. The petals of the flower will soften and readily unravel.

"Is court took in yet?"

"Not yet."

"What's up?"

"Judge Lickin' a lawyer that called him a liar."—Atlanta Constitution.

THE WORLD'S WHEAT

INTERESTING ARTICLE THEREON.

What the Farmers' Guide Has to Say On the Matter—Table showing the Yield For Some Years Back.

The crop of wheat harvested during the year is the largest the world has ever produced. The average production for the past ten years is 2,212,000,000 bushels. This year it exceeds that by 185,000,000 bushels. The crop of 1891 exceeds the average by 12,500,000 bushels, and the crop of 1892 by 158,000,000 bushels, and 1893 by 169,000,000 bushels. The crop of the past four years exceed the average for the same time by 635,000,000 bushels. In 1873 the world's crop was 1,700,000,000 bushels; in 1883 it was 2,408,000,000 bushels, an increase of 635,000,000 bushels in twenty years. During the past ten years the consumption has increased at the rate of 12,000,000 bushels a year, and during the preceding decade the increase was 8,000,000 bushels a year. It is here where we find the cause of the decline in prices. The load has been growing heavier yearly. There never was as much wheat in the world as there is to day.

Estimates place the wheat crop of Europe at 1,335,411,000. Winchester bushels against a regular consumption of 1,555,500,000 bushels, a deficit of only 118,090,000 bushels. To supply this there are two Americas, India, Australasia, and the minor countries of North Africa, Northwestern Asia. Our export for four months is about 53,000,000 bushels, against 71,088,672 bushels, same time last year, a decrease of 21,000,000 bushels. The English crop is about 8,000,000 bushels larger than her last one. She will import about

owing to the unprecedented surplus she brought over from last year.

Siberia is looming up as an exporter of wheat. The possibilities there are unknown. In 1889 her surplus crop was 30,000,000. This is a hard Northern wheat, similar to that of Manitoba. The extension of the trans-Siberian railway will open up new wheat fields, the extent of which no living man knows. The world has known for years that there were large tracts of tillable land in the southern portion of that immense territory. The same will transform the virgin valleys of Southern Siberia into fields of wheat, rye, and barley.

The export from India have been small since the beginning of her crop year only 8,000,000 bushels against 14,400,000 same time in 1888 and 23,740,000 in 1892. Published on June 29, said: "Of the 1892 crop the shipments were only a little over 8 per cent of the yield, therefore a considerable quantity must still be in the hands of the grower, as well as the balance of the large crop of 1892. The area planted to wheat is steadily increasing in the Northwest provinces, Punjab, Bombay, Bengal, and Rajputana, the other wheat producing districts are stationary or show a small reduction in acreage. In the Argentine Republic we have a rival in the wheat market of no mean proportions. Many writers are arguing that wheat raising in that country was a losing business and that we need have no fears from that source. But a correspondent writing from Buenos Ayres under date of June 6 last, says:

"This increase in the wheat-growing area of the Argentine is somewhat curious when the starvation prices of today is about the same as that of 1891. Argentines are considered. But the production is chiefly the work of Italians who have emigrated with their families from Italy. These people take up a piece of land and

September Brazil notified our government that he would, on Jan. 1, 1895, abrogate the reciprocity treaty with the United States. Last year we sent her 4,143,973 bushels of wheat in the shape of flour.

A PLUCKY GIRL.

She Orders a Negro to Leave the House After He had Murdered Her Father.

A special from Newnan, Georgia, says: "At midnight a few nights ago Mr. A. B. Leigh, a prominent farmer, was awakened by Joe Bean, a thirtless negro laborer, and told that a tenant named Clem had suddenly ill and wanted some medicine. Leigh gave some medicine to the negro to take to Clem, but Bean refused to go alone, and the two started off together. Fifteen minutes later Bean returned and told Mrs. Leigh that her husband had sent for her to go to the neighbor's house. Mrs. Leigh grew suspicious at this, particularly as she saw a revolver in the negro's right hand. Her daughter ordered the negro to leave. The negro refused and Miss Leigh grabbed a double-barreled shot gun and leveled it at the intruder. The negro aimed his weapon and fired. The young lady fired the next instant, and again the report of the negro's pistol rang out. He then turned and fled, the young lady firing after him. One of the negro's shots took effect in Miss Leigh's face, making a serious wound, but still pluckily she went out and aroused the neighbors. A search resulted in finding Leigh's body, hacked to pieces near his residence. His head was crushed and almost severed from the body by knife cuts in the neck. Angry citizens searched all day but have not found the murderer. The people of the entire county are in a terrible state of excitement.

THE WORLD'S WHEAT CROP FOR SIX YEARS.

The Liverpool Corn Trade News furnishes the following compilation showing the wheat crops of all the chief countries of the world for six years, in bushels (and the totals in quarters and hectolitres). The crops of former years are from the latest revised reports of the various foreign agricultural authorities. In one or two cases of obvious errors in the official returns, commercial estimates are given in preference:

EUROPE—		1894. Bushels.	1893. Bushels.	1892. Bushels.	1891. Bushels.	1890. Bushels.	1889. Bushels.
France.	334,000,000	278,000,000	301,600,000	213,600,000	328,000,000	307,000,000	
Russia.	288,000,000	305,000,000	235,000,000	163,200,000	205,600,000	179,000,000	
Poland.	16,000,000	20,000,000	23,300,000	12,000,000	12,000,000	12,000,000	
Caucasia.	60,000,000	64,000,000	68,500,000	80,000,000	56,000,000	65,000,000	
Hungary.	140,000,000	150,000,000	141,600,000	139,200,000	143,200,000	94,000,000	
Austria.	46,000,000	42,000,000	46,100,000	39,200,000	49,600,000	38,000,000	
Croatia and Schavonia	6,000,000	6,800,000	6,400,000	6,400,000	6,000,000	6,000,000	
Italy.	117,000,000	131,000,000	112,000,000	127,000,000	102,000,000	122,000,000	
Germany.	100,000,000	112,000,000	116,400,000	85,800,000	105,200,000	87,000,000	
Spain.	95,000,000	85,000,000	74,000,000	71,000,000	72,000,000	76,000,000	
Portugal.	10,000,000	6,000,000	6,400,000	7,000,000	6,500,000	6,500,000	
Romania.	25,000,000	29,000,000	58,400,000	60,000,000	72,000,000	45,000,000	
Eastern Roumania.	2,000,000	3,000,000	4,800,000	4,700,000	4,700,000	3,000,000	
Serbia.	9,000,000	10,000,000	9,000,000	8,000,000	5,000,000	5,000,000	
Herzegovina and Bosnia.	2,000,000	2,000,000	2,000,000	1,800,000	1,500,000	1,000,000	
Turkey in Europe.	25,000,000	21,000,000	23,000,000	20,000,000	25,000,000	20,000,000	
Greece.	5,000,000	7,000,000	7,500,000	8,000,000	8,000,000	8,000,000	
United Kingdom.	60,000,000	51,000,000	60,000,000	75,200,000	76,000,000	78,000,000	
Belgium.	20,000,000	17,000,000	20,000,000	16,000,000	19,200,000	19,000,000	
Holland.	4,500,000	5,000,000	6,200,000	4,600,000	6,000,000	6,000,000	
Switzerland.	5,000,000	2,400,000	4,000,000	1,800,000	2,200,000	2,000,000	
Sweden.	3,700,000	3,300,000	3,200,000	3,800,000	3,700,000	4,000,000	
Denmark.	4,600,000	4,800,000	4,800,000	4,500,000	4,800,000	5,000,000	
Norway.	400,000	400,000	300,000	300,000	400,000	400,000	
Cyprus, Malta, &c.	2,000,000	2,000,000	2,000,000	2,000,000	2,000,000	2,000,000	
Total Europe.	1,420,200,000	1,420,300,000	1,367,700,000	1,205,700,000	1,361,600,000	1,216,000,000	
AMERICA—							
United States.	520,000,000	175,000,000	580,000,000	685,000,000	430,000,000	491,000,000	
Canada.	50,000,000	43,000,000	51,000,000	55,300,000	44,000,000	31,000,000	
Mexico.	15,000,000	12,000,000	10,000,000	12,000,000	12,000,000	10,000,000	
Argentina.	100,000,000	90,000,000	55,400,000	36,800,000	32,800,000	16,000,000	
Chili.	17,000,000	13,000,000	17,600,000	19,400,000	14,400,000	19,000,000	
Uruguay.	7,000,000	5,500,000	3,200,000	3,600,000	4,100,000	2,000,000	
Uruguay.	310,000,000	310,000,000	278,000,000	363,700,000	305,600,000	310,000,000	
AFRICA—							
Algeria.	18,000,000	14,400,000	18,500,000	25,600,000	28,400,000	22,000,	

THE BRANDON MAIL.

Thursday, December 20, 1894.

A FIGHTING GAME FISH

WHERE THE MUSKALLONGE LURKS
AND HOW TO FIND HIM.

Fishing With Minnow and Spoon Among
the Thousand Islands—Stout Tackle
Needed—The Exciting Sport and How It
Is Scientifically Conducted.

The lakes and streams of Canada are the natural homes of a ravenous, fighting game fish which is almost exclusively our own. Seldom elsewhere do we hear of anglers taking the muskallonge. He is a big, motley, shaggy fellow, wide of jaw, deep of throat, and strong of fin. In brief, he may be said to be a giant species of pickerel, differing mainly from the ordinary type of that fish in being proportionately deeper or wider from back to belly and in growing to far greater size.

One of the loveliest spots where you will always find him lying in his rock-paved lair or pursuing the terrified minnows in the shadow is the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence.

These days when the fierce black bass, the most erratic of fish, will not rise to any lure, and then the most eager lover of bass will try for muskallonge.

The outfit required is rather high-priced, very elaborate. What is called the "St. Lawrence trout rod" is the favorite rod of this region, and is a stiff, well hung, split bamboo of from eleven to twelve feet in length, light but very sturdy and full of "backbone." It is fitted with large raised guides, and a reel seat above the hand, not below as used in fly fishing. Perhaps not until you have tried and failed to keep a maddened muskallonge from fouling the anchor rope entangling the line or the bottom of your skiff will you realize why so long and so stiff a rod is in vogue. Fifteen dollars will procure you a sound, well-made rod of this kind, one that with care, varnishing each season, and oiling in damp weather, will endure something. As with all tackle, the best is cheapest in long hard use.

Any good make of reel will answer, provided it runs freely, multiply and have a heavy drag and stop attachment. It will be large enough if it hold fifty yards of double "D" braided silk line. This is the proper length and size of line, and it is now very cheap, something like four cents a yard. This is a very stout line and, of course, would be useless for fly casting, but is none too solid to resist the sudden onslaught of hungry "longe."

Much of the time you will find trolling with artificial spoon bait the easiest and prettiest sport, but for variety you will try bait-casting, bait trolling, and skittering. For these latter methods you will need hooks, and let it be added just here that they must be big, long, and wide. Any of the Sprout or Kirby shapes would be good enough were it not for the shark-like teeth and horny jaws of the "longe" which would part line or leader above the hook quicker than a flash. Use only the long shanked hooks such as Limerick or Aberdeen, and have them made on thick-wire guides, two feet long. Above this hang a four-strand, twisted leader of possible size. The hooks must not be pointed, but No. 6-0.

On day's fishing you will carry live bait as well as a stock of trolling spoons. The St. Lawrence skiff, the only craft used in the Thousand Islands, excepting an occasional canoe, is an ideal little vessel. She has lightness, speed, room, and staunchness. Let us suppose you push off from shore, say at Cape St. Vincent, in the early mists of a morning. You are fishing alone, being athletically enough to propel your skiff at the slow rate required, and not desirous of being in bondage all day to a profane guide. Your rod put together, and equipped with line and two hooks hung close together, lies beside you. On the other side is the shining steel gear, keen and broad of bend, a deadly and indispensible weapon. The bait can and tackle case lies before you, and all around and under you curl the blue waters of the St. Lawrence. So clear, so absolutely undefined is the water, that in a rushing rapid of ten feet depth the pebbles and weeds on the bottom are distinctly visible. This fact is a warning to be regarded, for the muskallonge has eyes.

Slowly you move along, letting the stream carry you for the most part, but working over toward a low, rocky island. As you near the shore you look down and see it is floating, as it were, in mid-air over a meadow of long waving brown and yellow grass. That curling growth that twines and twists and looks so near is two full fathoms down! This is the shadowed lurking place, the aquatic jungle where the tiger of the river lies in wait.

Now a long, slender streak of gray darts from a bunch of weed and is gone. That speck was a "longe."

With eager hand you catch a minnow of five inches in length and lightly hook him through the upper lip just back of the dorsal fin. Gently you pull off a couple of rods' length of line, and with the right hand toss the bait to the line's length toward the shore. It settles down, drifting with the current, and you pay out yard after yard of the line until the minnow is 50 feet down stream. Raising the rod a sudden resistance is felt; you draw tighter, the pull increases, and with a firm hand you drive home the barb. Now you reel in, and nothing gives but the quivering rod. Slowly your skiff floats over the monster that holds the bait, and you find only a tail, big leaved pickerel weed has caught the hook. Sometimes you lose the hook, but often it pulls loose, and you try again, now keeping better control of your line and bait.

All at once comes a rush and a tightening of the line. Twenty feet was torn from the reel, and now the line lies still. Only a moment is the reel dumb while the big fish is gorging the bait, and then it screams as he darts away through the weeds.

Calmly you press the knob that puts the heavy drag against the panting gills, a solid 10-pound pull that is never relaxed. He will not run many yards ere he falters and takes another course. With careful hand you guard the reel and gather in every foot of slack.

With a start one has when the big fish leaps up alongside, a long, dusky-backed savage with wild eyes! Loss not an instant when once he is alongside to pay the gun. Often a brief death rattle or spasm will send him under the boat when you are unprepared, and the dying fish will make off with part of your tackle. When he is landed a sharp knock on the nose with an ear or gaff will kill him, and put him out of misery, and at the same time



QUEEN VICTORIA.

prevent him from hopping overboard or upsetting the minnow pail.

Now the minnow no longer takes, and forsaking the island shore, you head for a shoal bay across the river. Here, in ten feet of water, over thick grass and weed, you drop over a big copper spoon, polished till it gleams like fire. As you pay out line behind you be prepared at any moment to feel a mighty shock. Gradually, like a living coal, the copper fades behind the skiff, and you fix the pole firmly pointing astern, with the drag on full force. Row as gently as your arms allow, for every motion of the staff jars the spinning spoon. A bit of lead on the leader will help to keep the copper down where the "longe" lies.

When the "longe" leaps you must grab the rod. No allowing him time to swallow this unsavory bait. He jumps clear into the air in a curving green crescent when he feels the treble gang of hooks against his tongue. He fumes and frets below and surges on the top, tossing his head to rid himself of the bitter bite. It will not shake out, and with the big hooks prying open his jaw, you soon drop him in the current. He dies much quicker on the spoon than when hooked on the bait.

Not so dainty or so fickle as the more stubborn bass, the "longe" will feed in all weathers, in every wind, only hiding in the depths during storm. After a wild storm, when the sun suddenly dashes out, if you will visit the river and troll near shore with a brass spoon, you may kill the biggest and bravest of muskallonge.

THE LOVER'S TRICK.

That all is fair in love and war was recently exemplified in the case of an up-town young man, who had had a falling out with his best girl, all on account of another fair charrmer.

Girl No. 1 heard of the existence of Girl No. 2, and immediately became as cool toward the unfortunate young man as one well can be in this kind of weather. The swain in question was most anxious to be restored to the good graces of his best girl, but all his advances met with a frigid reception. For several days he was in despair, thoroughly convinced that there was no balm in Gilead. Finally he hit upon a brilliant scheme. Inditing a letter to Girl No. 2, in which he requested her to cease annoying him with her unwelcome attentions, he placed it in an envelope and carefully addressed it to Girl No. 1. The next day he sent her a telegram saying that he had made a mistake in placing two letters in their envelope, and that she had probably received a letter not intended for her. Would she please return it?

The scheme worked like a charm. The foxy epistle was returned with a very gracious note, and now everything is moving along smoothly once more.—Philadelphia Record.

IN SCHOOL AND COLLEGE.

The students at Princeton college have abolished "hazing."

Viceroy Li Hung Chang has established at Tientsin an imperial medical college, with a staff of western (English) medical men who assist native Chinese in teaching. A four years' graduated course is required and a well-equipped hospital has been built.

The degrees of bachelor of medicine and of master of surgery have this year, for the first time in the history of the Scottish universities, been conferred on women. One of these young women, who ranked third in a class of sixty-one members, stood first in her class of zoology, practical chemistry, anatomy, history, physiology, surgery, medicine, pathology and midwifery.

STUDYING NATURE.

In a month a caterpillar devours six thousand times its own weight in food.

Darwin asserted that there is insatiable among animals just as there is among people.

No worm or insect is ever found upon the eucalyptus tree or in the earth penetrated by its roots.

Solitary confinement is calculated, doctors state, to produce melancholia, suicidal mania and loss of reason. Nine months of absolutely solitary confinement are almost certain to result in the mental ruin of the convict.

The reason given why birds do not fall off their perch is because they cannot open the foot when the leg is bent. Look at a hen walking and you will see it close its toes as it raises the foot and open it as it touches the ground.

A NOVICE.

"I thought I had me man," said the detective. "But it didn't take him long to convince me that he had never been here before."

"How did he do it?"

"Unconsciously. He asked me where he could get a drink on Sunday."

TWO OF THEM.

Cawker—That was an appropriate reply Winebiddle made when the doctor told him he was the father of twins.

Bunting—What did he say?

Cawker—The deuce!



HON. J. C. SCHULTZ.
Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba.

NO. 1 HARD STANDARD.

GRAIN EXCHANGE WANTS IT MAINTAINED AS STRUCK THIS YEAR.

Without any Adulteration With Mechanically Scoured Wheat—A Resolution in Support of the Desire to Have Standards Fixed by Western Men Alone.

According to appointment Comptroller Wood, of the inland revenue department, met the members of the grain exchange in Winnipeg the other afternoon and addressed them on the provisions of the grain inspection act, dealing therewith about which conflicting opinions are held. There was a large and representative attendance of all branches of the grain trade, and a general discussion followed. Mr. Wood's address, resulting in a resolution being passed to the effect that No. 1 Manitoba hard should be maintained according to the standard struck this year, and that no mechanically scoured wheat should go into this grade; this regulation not to apply to the present crop.

The opinion was generally expressed that this action would not effect the dealers while meeting the views of the millers, and that any loss consequent would fall only on the producers.

A resolution was also passed reiterating the view held by the members of the exchange and the Patrons of Industry, and forwarded to the government on previous occasions, that the board to select standards for Manitoba wheat should be composed only of competent persons resident in Manitoba and the Territories.

Mr. Wood asked that a copy of the resolutions be forwarded to him, and while saying that naturally he did not wish to give any positive opinion as to what action the government would take in regard to future crops, he cordially thanked the members of the exchange for their expression of personal opinions, which coming from the different interests, were most valuable.

Comptroller Wallace, of the customs department, who was present, then addressed the meeting. He said he was pleased to be present and expressed his high opinion of the manner in which

A DARING DEED.

Russian Farmers in Dakota have Carted Away Fort Lincoln.

Russian farmers from Emmons county have been indicted for stealing government buildings at Fort Lincoln, near Mandan. Some days ago 100 Russians appeared at the fort with forty-five teams, and driving away Major Gooding, who was in charge of the place, demolished the fort and the old Custer house, which the residents have tried to preserve. Deputy U. S. marshals made a raid on the thieves, but pickets warned them and only eight of the offenders were captured. The names of forty others were secured.

Bleeding to Death.

Telosphore Boisvert, of Cote St. Luke, Montreal, is said to be dying as the result of a vicious attack made upon him some nights ago by four men, two of whom, Joseph Martineau and Wilfred Duprez have been arrested. Boisvert was inspector of the Montreal lime works and refused to pass a load of rock which Martineau had brought to the works. To get even the assault was planned and carried out. Judge Dugas was summoned to take Boisvert's ante-mortem deposition, while Martineau and Duprez were held to bail. One of the blows Boisvert received was just above the nose at the base of the temple. Since then blood has been oozing from the wound and the man is slowly bleeding to death. There is no chance for his recovery the doctors say. The blow was delivered by one of the four assailants, but it is not known which one delivered it.

EAT APPLES.

The Practitioner says apples have many good medicinal qualities. Chemically they are composed of vegetable fiber, albumen, sugar, gum, chlorophyll, malic acid, gallic acid, lime and much water. Furthermore, the German analysts say that the apple contains a larger percentage of phosphorus than any other fruit or vegetable. The phosphorus is admirably adapted to renewing the essential nervous matter of the brain and the spinal cord. It is perhaps, for the same reason, rudely understood, that old Scandinavian traditions represent the apple as the food of the gods, who, when



Lord ABERDEEN,
Governor-General of Canada.

VAN HORNE TALKS.

The President of the C. P. R. Discusses the Company's Business.

Sir William Van Horne and R. B. Angus sailed from New York lately for a few weeks on the Mediterranean. Before leaving Sir William discussed Canadian Pacific matters. Replying to a reference to the amount of American business done, Sir William Van Horne said:

"There is a very much exaggerated idea of our American business current among people who are not well informed, but I do not think that any railroad men who are acquainted with the facts complain of our competition. Reports of the interstate commerce commission will show that less than 5 per cent. of our traffic is between American points.

The 5 per cent. of business, moreover, represents only about 1/2 of 1 per cent. of our profits. We do not seek American through traffic. It is not profitable to us.

Direct trunk lines may be found profitable because their haul is shorter but when we carry it for less than they do it does not pay us. We do not compete for this business. I desire to state that this traffic that we carry is taken only to oblige our American connections. A road that is receiving trade from a connecting line has to take what comes to it. We cannot very well discriminate and refuse some of the traffic they give up to us.

So this unprofitable American trade pays us indirectly in other ways. The Canadian Pacific makes its profit on its local business which has been built upon the policy of stimulating local industries and commerce all along the line. We have a great deal of profitable business too, in trade between Canada and the United States. Canada, for instance, is an important source of lumber supply to the eastern states and that business is profitable to us. The Canadian Pacific was built with special reference to being operated cheaply. Heavy gradients were avoided. We do all the telegraph, express, sleeping car, grain elevator and lake steamer business ourselves. Finally train robberies are wholly unknown on the Canadian Pacific. They are impossible as our line through the unsettled west is patrolled by the the Northwest mounted police."

HOW TO MOVE LARGE MAPLES.

To a correspondent who asked how to move and prune some large maple trees, six and seven inches in diameter, the editor of Garden and Forest replies:

In removing trees the roots are generally injured to a greater or less extent, and those which are bruised must be cut away; it is a good practice to prune in the branches to a corresponding extent, so that their will not be more leaves than the roots can supply. Norway maples are not injured more than any other trees by this operation. A great deal of this pruning can be effected by thinning out the inner branches, but there should be no hesitation about cutting back limbs where this seems necessary. When the ends of the branches are pruned, they should be cut back to a limb, the wounds should be covered with coal tar, and no stubs should be left to decay. In removing such large trees in good practice to prune the roots back by digging a trench about the tree, say five feet from the trunk, and if this trench is filled with good new feeding roots will start out during the next year, so that the tree will be in excellent condition for removing in a year from the coming winter. Large trees can be removed with success, but it costs time and care and money. Persons who do not choose to go to the extra expense, however, can console themselves with the reflection, that as a rule, it is best to plant small trees and that a tree ten or twelve feet high will be probable as large in ten years as one planted at the same time when it was twenty-five feet high.

Between Birmingham, Ala., and Memphis recently, was made the first test in this country of the long distance telephone transmitter patented by Dickson of Sweden. The distance of this test is 285 miles. The test was made over the Commercial Cable company's wire under unfavorable weather conditions. The test was perfectly satisfactory, the voice coming more distinctly over the distance than usually is transmitted by local service. By an arrangement of instruments in the office a circuit representing the resistance of 1,500 miles was equally satisfactory, the additional distance apparently making no difference.

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OLD TIME CHRISTMAS.

HOW DINNER WAS SERVED IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

Boar's Head, With Rosemary, Brought In to the Music of Trumpets—Roasted Peacock the Pride of the Feast—Barbarous Appetites of Brave Knights and Fair Ladies.

It was a gay scene—that great hall, where the yule log was blazing in the immense fireplace, big enough for two whole oxen to be roasted therein; the high rafters festooned with branches of holly, holly, laurel and ivy; the wide portal crowded with mistletoe, and the table, which was literally a board of boards, all of oak and polished till they shone, stretching the whole length of the room, 190 feet.

Twelve o'clock has just struck, and the household is mustering in the magnificent hall, it being "covering time," or the hour for preparing the tables for dinner. The steward in his gown, a most important looking personage, is standing at the uppermost part of the hall, surrounded by most of the chief officers. The table is neatly covered with a purple velvet cloth, saltcellars and trenchers, under the supervision of the usher of the hall.

The yeomen of the ewery and pantry, conducted by the yeoman usher, then enter the dining chamber. As they pass through the door they bow reverentially, and they do the same upon approaching the table. They then lay down at the side of each trencher a knife "hafted with silver" and a spoon. No forks are laid, for these convenient articles have not yet been invented. Next in succession comes the yeoman of the cellar, who dresses the sideboard with wines, flagons, drinking cans and such vessels as are consigned to his care. The yeoman of the butler follows him, and brings up beer and ale, and arranges the pewter pots, jugs and so forth on the sideboard.

The dinner time has now fully arrived, and the steward's command is taken by a gentleman usher, who knocks respectfully at the door of the state chamber and summons King Richard and his nobles and guests to dinner. In they come, dressed in their court attire, the King and the lords in magnificent long green colored velvet tunics, silk stockings and red leather boots, with very long points; the pretty girl queen, Anne of Bohemia, and her ladies in parti-colored kirtles of white and blue, coquettishly edged with fur, and their hair done up in a gold fret or comb of network.

When the guests were assembled and seated, the king and queen occupying a dais above the others, the trumpets sounded, and a band of musicians entered the hall. The server followed them, bearing upon a huge golden platter a boar's head dressed with sweet rosemary and roses.

The boar's head, with a great golden rump placed between its tusks, is then placed upon the table, where it is served with mustard sauce, and the Christmas dinner begins. No napkins or forks are used, and brave knights and noble ladies wipe their greasy hands upon the table cloth and throw the discarded bones and pickings upon the floor.

Besides the famous boar's head, the first course consists of roasted beef joints, pigs roasted, venison with fragrant (acrid) concoction of boiled beef and eggs seasoned with sugar and spices), broth and onions, custard and a subtlety, the latter being an ornamental dish representing a ship, a castle or a human being, just as the taste of the cook dictated.

The second course is introduced by the bringing in of a peacock with all its gay plumage on and its whole body covered with leaf of gold. A singular dish was it not? Like the subtlety, it must be intended merely for an ornamental dish. Not at all. It was a real dish to eat. The peacock was stuffed with all manner of spices and sweet herbs, thoroughly roasted, basted with yolk of egg, served with plenty of gravy, and was considered the greatest delicacy of the Christmas feast.

It was something of a task, as you may imagine, to prepare this bird of Juno for the table. The skin was carefully removed before it was baked, and then, when it was taken from the oven and cooled, the skin was sewed on again dexterously, not so much as a feather being ruffled. It was carried to the table on a silver basin, with a lighted piece of cussion, which had been saturated in alcohol, placed in its heat. No part of the dinner was so eagerly anticipated as this, and all manner of viands were pledged over the beautiful bird. The chronicles of the middle ages record many of these vows.

Jellies of meat or fish, all manner of fowls, roasted or boiled capons, hams, pies of carp, tongues, mutton pies and plum puddings followed in due order, and these were displaced by a dish of jelly, fruits and another subtlety. There were but few vegetables to accompany the various dishes of meat and fowl.

After the solid food was disposed of, wine and ale were drunk in profuse quantities. One wonders how they could eat and drink so much. People had barbarous appetites in those days and a lady of rank would swallow two or three tankards of ale at a single meal.

This dinner on that long ago Christmas day lasted two hours. In the evening there was more feasting, and the historian amazes us by the vast enumeration of swine, oxen, sheep, pigs, hares, kids and fowls slaughtered and the tons of ale and wine drunk. England was wild. England then, and rude, fierce and boisterous cheer characterized the Yuletide festival. Yet doubtless we eat our Christmas dinner with much less form and noise enjoyed ourselves as truly. Certainly, we have more refinement than those fair ladies and gallant knights, who greased their fingers and soiled the table cloth eating the boar's head the stuffed peacock and the frumenty at that Christmas dinner of the fourteenth century.—Christain Advocate.

Tenderfeet Taken For Robbers.

In Ponca City, Okla., six young men, strangers, caused an intense excitement by walking down the principal street of the town heavily armed with Winchester rifles, pistols and Bowie knives, and other implements of war. The police, sheriff and constables were soon summoned and a large posse arrested the young men while in a saloon the boys voluntarily held up their hands and said, "Here's our cash." It was ascertained later that the men were not used to the country, but had armed themselves to combat the Cook gang. When the officers came in the boys thought the Cook gang was on their trail. They were hunting party from down East.

Dr. Newcomb has been appointed principal of the Vancouver provincial asylum.

TWO XMAS TURKEYS.



HURCH was out, and a stream of people poured along the streets in the merriest humor imaginable, for, blessed us all, it was Christmas day, and their hearts were aglow with the spirit of peace on earth and goodwill toward men.

Oh, it was glorious Christmas weather—sunshine and blue skies and a nipping frosty air, that whisked about, tweaking noses and filling cheeks until they bloomed like peonies!

The youngsters went hurrying homeward with skates slung over their shoulders of the new and glittering pattern especially delighted in by Santa Claus, is standing at the ice was the ringing of the noontide bells had called up visions of turkey and stuffing, plum pudding and mince pie which no mortal boy could resist.

As for the little girls in the new hooded mittens and muffs they had found in the chimney place that morning between vanity and appetite they stood irresolute at their own front gates, such happy, rosy, chubby creatures that everybody smiled involuntarily at sight of them.

The policemen on the corners slapped their arms about like windmills to keep themselves warm, grinning from ear to ear just because it was Christmas day.

And over all pealed the joyous music of the bells in carols that found an echo on every lip.

Even the houses wore a gala air. Wreaths of evergreens hung in all the windows high and low and the market on the corner was a thing of beauty and a joy forever, with piles of crimson cranberries, golden pumpkin silver ornaments, celery, apples, pears and nuts heated picturesquely behind its frost etched pane of glass, and the whole framed in grace full festoons of ducks and chickens.

It was a triumph of art. No wonder the passers stopped in spite of their hurry to gaze upon it for the thousandth time and fall to speculating as to what had become of its two crowning glories—the biggest turkey on record and the smallest—which had hung there side by side for a week past in a contrast at once the joke and the admiration of all beholders.

Popular belief held that the monster, the 30 pounder, had been purchased by old Ebenezer Green, the rich and crusty bachelor who lived by himself in a big house on the outskirts of the town, for he was the only person who could have afforded to buy it in such hard times, but the little one! There was hardly more meat on its tiny carcass than on a spring chicken. Who had a family small enough to get a Christmas dinner out of that?

Ebenezer Green had been asking himself the very question as he sat by the fire that moon, now watching the flames leap up the chimney, now turning to glances at the woman who presided over the housekeeping laying the table for his holiday feast—a fest, alas, of solitary splendor he had struck all at once at the absurdity of setting such a gigantic bird before a single person, and when he saw a platter half as large as the table taken from the closet where his mother's blue and white Canton china was stored he fell into a silent fit of laughter.

The woman nodded grimly, with a quick appreciation of the situation. "Tis funny, I declare," she said presently, pausing as she reached the door with the great platter in her arms, "but the funniest part of it all is that the little feller is cookin this minute next door where they've got six months to fill beside their own. 'Tis honest Injin."

"Next door?" Ebenezer glanced up inquiringly.

"Yes, in the cottage on the east side."

"Why, it's tumbling to pieces. Tisn't fit for anybody to live in."

"Well, folks moved in a month or so ago respectable looking, but I guess they are about as poor as can be. He's out of work, and he helps about the house handily as a woman, and she takes in sewing. There's a parcel of children, and I don't believe they ever have a good square meal among 'em. Think of 'em setting down to day in that nite of a turkey!"

And Ellen chuckled at the picture.

"How do you know they have that turkey?" demanded the old gentleman, more impressed than he would have liked to own by the curious coincidence which had kept the two fowls still near neighbors.

"The boy told me that brought ours last night. It seems he chores for the market sometimes, and they gave him the little turkey when they found there wasn't any prospect of its being bought. But, land's sake! I smell something burning."

She hurried off in a flutter of excitement. A Christmas dinner of all dinners!

"Good day," gasped the visitor, quite out of breath after his herculean efforts.

"Good day, and wish you merry Christmas! You don't know me but I'm your next door neighbor, Ebenezer Green. I've got the prize turkey, but I want you to help me eat it, for I'm very lonely over there all by myself. Can I come in?"

Come in? Well, the father saw in a trice how it was, and he opened wide to let in the turkey and its bearer, not to speak of a rush of crisp, chill air. The spirit of good will stirred in his heart, and forgetting the despatch of wealth and poverty between them he only felt a warm thrill of sympathy for the solitary old man. The mother stepped forward, kindly gentle in a simple courtesy which would have become a princess.

He made his way deliberately toward the sitting room, a spacious, comfortably furnished apartment, with windows looking upon the shabby, weather-beaten cottage in which the other turkey was to end its mortal career. Sure enough, there were unmistakable signs of occupation about.

The neglected garden had been put in order, the broken gate repaired and rehung, and a general air of neatness gave a new interest and attraction to the little house long empty and unnoticed. The shades were drawn high to let in all the warmth of sunshine of the happy holiday, and Ebenezer Green could see what was going on in the room as well as if he had been one of the busy people in it.

Busy they were for their table was spread with a clean, white cloth, and the father, with a troop of excited children to help, was at instant engaged in the thrilling process of taking up the children's dinner. The mother, pale, thin, and sweet, was evidently the guest of honor, encooned in the one comfortable chair, with a cushion at her back and

watching the proceedings with a charming smile, half amused, half melancholy.

The eldest boy, a tall lad of 12, who did the chores at the market, filled the glasses with water fresh drawn from the well. Two gleeful little girls danced in brace of chubby youngsters in much patched trousers trotted after with the bread and butter, proud to assist in their modest household before.

And last of all the father appeared in the doorway enveloped in a big white apron, to be greeted with an uproarious shout of delight. For he bore on a platter—oh, me, such a tiny platter!—the crowning splendor of the day, the turkey, key, done to a turn and smelling more delicious than ever a turkey smelled before, as the whole family unanimously agreed. There was gravy too, in a funny china pot with a large handle, and who brought that in, feeling the importance of the occasion to the utmost, but the baby, toddling along as gravely as a judge, deep anxiety in her blue eyes. And cider! A whole quart in the big white pitcher—extravagance which could only be justified by the recollection that it was Christmas day.

And now the father laid aside the apron. The cook vanished; the head of the house appeared. He led the pale children followed, prancing to their places around the large table, which no body thought bare or poorly set forth. There came a pause for a moment—the little heads, brown, black and flaxen were bent silently over the plates while the father asked a blessing and thanked God for his goodness in keeping them all together and giving them so many comforts. And then he took up the carving knife as he gazed anxiously at the turkey. The revel was about to begin.

Ebenezer Green turned away, with a sigh. The bell had sounded in his own dining room, and standing on the threshold of the apartment he bent a fixed stare upon the table, where there were flowers and silver and cut glass, and on the side table, smoking hot and browned till he cracked all over, loomed up the mighty outlines of the prize turkey. For one man.

All at once the oddest idea popped in to the head of that one man. If he had thought to think about it nothing would have happened, and the prize turkey never would have played a part in a story.

Oh, that was a happy Christmas day! As it drew towards its close Ebenezer

board and astonishment at the pudding board Mr. Green set it to blazing in burn brandy.

And their father and mother wondered what their neighbor had ever got his reputation of being stiff and proud. Never had so delightful a guest descended into their modest household before.

They all put it in and washed up the dinner dishes afterward. The father washed and Ebenezer Green wiped, wishing the directors of the bank could see him, and the young feet tripped briskly to and fro until everything was in its place, clean as clean could be. It was a real frolic.

Then they dressed up around the fire. The big logs had gone from Mr. Green's cellar not many minutes before, Jimmy having worn a path through the snow to the house next door. It was story telling time, and in the cheery glow on the hearth the father poured out his soul and told how he had been thrown out of work by the closing of a factory; how hard he had tried to find another place but to no avail, and how all they had to live upon was the sum his dear wife earned by sewing and Jimmy's pittance from the market. And the wife, in her turn, told how brave and patient he had been, with a loving glance that made him blush with pleasure.

And Mr. Green promised that he should have something to do by New Year's day and gave his word upon it, feeling for the first time how much happiness a rich man has the power to create.

Then it was his turn. The children gathered at his knee to drink in breathlessly his tales of travel by land and sea, of strange countries he had seen and people he had known—queer, quaint people in far off places, whose customs and history sounded like the most entrancing of fairy tales. The baby drew nearer and nearer and finally climbed upon his knee, listening with her great blue eyes wide open. When it was her bedtime, she laid her cheek upon his in a soft caress.

"She loves you," she said, and in a burst of laughter was led away—not far, for the house was very tiny. His childlike voice could be heard prattling on while the elder sister made her ready for bed, and then the group outside fell into silence while the little one knelt beside her crib and murmured the dear familiar words of her "Now I lay me down to sleep."

Oh, that was a happy Christmas day! As it drew towards its close Ebenezer

Santa Claus Coming.

Oh, happy are the little folks, For Christmas is most here. Then get your stockings ready, For now the time draws near.

Old Santa Claus is on the way, He left home yesterday. His great sleigh packed with Christ-mas gifts, He'll be here very soon.

His reindeers six are flying fast.

He cracks his whip away.

They're speeding over hill and dale.

Three cheers for Christmas day!

—Washington News.

CHRISTMAS IN INDIA.

A Lazy Picnic Amid the Tropical Surroundings of Calcutta.

The sun shines gloriously overhead. The sky is a pale, cloudless blue, and the foliage around us shows every shade and tint from brown to scarlet, from the palest to the deepest green. We saunter along the grass under the trees beside the avenue and find a quiet seat, with a pool of clear water haunted by swans before us. The ground is carpeted with soft grass and shaded with trees. On one side, 300 yards away, is a bank of shrubs, with the most gorgeous variety of coloring, from maize and lime to crimson red; on the other three, cool, resplendent green leaves. On such a Christmas morning it was good to be alive.

Let us think of it as we sit over our fires in England. We spread our rugs and coats on the ground and lie down and smoke lazily. Presently the Khidmungars arrive with bampers. We do not move, for in India we have not that irrational and idiotic notion that a picnic is no picnic unless you wait upon yourselves lay your own lunch and burn your own fingers over your kettle. The lunch is admirable from the solids to the fruit, from the drinks to the ice. Nothing has been forgotten, for once a Khidmungar has been taught a thing he may be relied upon to do it again with absolute exactitude on a similar occasion till the crack of doom unless he is idiotic.

A picnic is a complete rest, with nothing to do save to lie still and enjoy. No one even talks unless the spirit moves him. For the most part we sit quiet, drinking dials, which are accepted or rejected as silently. It is waste of energy to speak. The cool breeze fans us gently. There are no mosquitoes. All is peace. Last of all come the coffee and the cigars, —Saturday Review.

CHRISTMAS EVE IN PARIS.

Forget and Forgive is the Custom—Midnight Mass and the Family.

On Christmas eve in the homes of Paris, when the children are fast asleep, with the bonnets to watch over them, the older ones and the parents go to the grand high mass, lasting from 10 o'clock till midnight. This is a very solemn service and is sung with great ceremony and with row upon row of white veiled nuns, whose narrow belts of blue, orange or red show their peculiar order, kneeling in the transept.

Just at midnight the mass ends, and the older boys snuff the tall candles.

Then the family returns, and there is the revillon, or the supper of wakening—the one meal of the year at which are gathered the brothers and sisters to the home of the oldest married child. There are places for the grandparents, too, and, if a child has been lately born to swell the family circle, a seat of honor next the grandmère for its mother, who is queen of the feast.

The "supper" is a great dinner, at which good will is the order, where are drunk innumerable glasses of harmless, un intoxicating grape wine, and where toasts are offered to every conceivable good luck, past and to come.

At the revillon are discussed all the affairs of the family. If during the year the relations between two of its members have become strained, all is often forgiven and forgotten in this family love fest.

So with toast and rally and story the hours creep by until it is far into the small hours, when the party breaks up.—New York Press.

What Christ Taught.

Before Christ came men did not know God. They did not understand his fatherhood and affection. They had all along supposed that whoever would enjoy God's favor must purchase it in some way, and so before the coming of Christ men crouched and trembled before God as though he were an almighty tyrant and they worshipped before him with sacrifices of servile fear. But the coming brought a new element into human faith. He taught not the Jew alone, but he taught all men everywhere that God loves them; that he loves them with a love that is more devoted and tender than any mother bears her child; that he is not only ready to forgive them all that is past of transgression and sin, but to make them heirs of a glorious and eternal inheritance; that all God asks of man is love.—Christain Advocate.

A Servian Christmas Dinner.

The poorest family in Servia will pinch themselves all through the year so as to have money enough to buy a pig at Christmas. Skewered to a long piece of wood, until cooked, the guests watching the process with increasing interest. After dinner stories are told and songs are sung. Santa Claus, who, in the person of an honest guest, is present to receive instead of to give presents, departs after the feast, decorated with such gifts as his friends can bestow. The feasting room is symbolically strewn with straw.—New York Journal.

Adam Cohn, a Norway House Indian and an old and trusted employee of the Hudson's Bay Company, died in St. Boniface hospital recently of rupture of the heart.

TOBBY IT, TOM.

Now for fun.

AWAY WE GO.

Such a fine dinner.

ONE MORE ROLL.

Give it to 'em, boys.

GIVE IT TO 'EM, BOYS.

Give it to 'em, boys.

ONE MORE ROLL.

Give it to 'em, boys.

ONE MORE ROLL.

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Give it to 'em, boys.

</div

Big Boston Clothing House

REORGANIZATION SALE

STILL BOOMING.

X'Mas Presents.

GALOR

See those Full Dress Suits.

We are the only house in the Dominion handling
Ready to wear Full Dress Suits.

THOSE HANDSLEIGHS ARE DOWN TO 25cents

WHO Will get that handsome cutter Saturday Night?

Send or bring in your Tickets.

STAND FROM UNDER.

Paices take their last drop at the

Big BOSTON

This week.

T. F. BUTCHER,

The Practical Watchmaker,
Jeweler and Optician.

The finest stock of Watches, Clocks,
Jewelry and Silverware to be
found in the province.

If you want the best goods at the
lowest possible prices, call and
see us.

We want to call your attention to
Watches. We have some espe-
cially fine value in this line. A
Good Time piece from \$5.00 up.

Finest Watch Repairing one of our
specialties.

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.

BOSER AVENUE, BRANDON.

LOCAL NEWS.

A Merry Christmas to our readers.
Mr. Vandosier, superintendent N. P.
paid over Morris & Branch to-day.

H. C. Bannister, for infraction of the
law law was fined \$100 and costs.

City schools close to-morrow for the
holidays and re-open the 2nd of January.

Mr. W. H. Merritt has just received a
new horse which he claims to be the best
in the province.

Mr. J. C. Robinson, general merchant,
Wawanesa, was in town election day,
casting his vote.

The public will sympathize with Mr.
Frank Reid in the loss of his daughter by
consumption last week.

Meagre returns from Daly municipality
show that Browning is elected reeve, and
Davidson replaces Caporn.

The time table of the N. P. has changed.
Henceforth the express arriving early
is due at 7:45 p.m. leaving at 8 a.m.
same days as before.

Mr. C. J. Caryl has removed his watch-
making business to the building between
A. C. Fraser's store and J. N. Kirkhoff's
law office. He is offering specialties
for the Christmas trade.

Miss Kirkaldy was quietly married
last night at the residence of her brother,
on 7th street. The honeymoon is to be
passed in visiting eastern towns. More
anon.

The Northern Pacific will sell excursion
tickets for Christmas holidays between
points in Manitoba for a fare and a
third for the round trip commencing Dec.
22nd.

R. E. L. Loech was in Winnipeg on
Thursday giving evidence before the rail-
way rate commission on behalf of the
Central Farmers Institute of which he is
secretary.

P. J. Flanagan, at one time proprietor
of the Merchants hotel here, left last
week for Prince Albert, where he will
take over the management of the Prince
Albert house.

For some time past trade in poultry
has been brisk. On Thursday of last
week one of our butchers shipped 1300
pounds of turkey and geese to Revel-
stoke, B. C., realizing about 125 cts. per
lb.

Mrs. Clift, 13th street showed herself
to be a very interesting entertainer last
Friday evening. A number of her young
friends spent a pleasant time in singing
and playing and dancing.

The Northern Pacific ran three tourist
sleeping cars through to Ontario on the
15th inst., and they were all filled.
These tourist cars are run weekly (Tues-
day andare well patronized.

The fire brigade had a run on Saturday
night to Mr. Unicom's on 16th st.
An overheated stove pipe caused the
mischieve. There was not much damage
done.

At the evening service in the Congre-
gational church on Sunday, enlightening
comments were made concerning our dead
premier. The service closed with the
singing of the national hymn.

Many of Brandon's people will be sorry
to learn of the expected departure of Mr.
Jukes of the Imperial bank, to Vancouver,
to assume the management of a
branch of the same bank.

The revival services in the Baptist
church have been concluded. Rev. A.
Grant, who was here aiding has returned to
Winnipeg. Much encouragement has
been met with and the church member-
ship much increased.

Mr. Geo. A. Stevens, who is well and
famously known here has sold good by
to the prairie province. He left on
Tuesday morning via N. P. for his home
in St. Mary's, Ont.

The date of the Choral society's concert
has been changed from the 25th to the
27th, on account of the inability of one
of the artists to be present on that date
in consequence of a former engagement.

We have not much data at present upon
which to base any remarks we would like
to make concerning the mayoralty elections,
but there is a growing feeling that
all is not right and the probability is that
a recount will be asked for.

The managers of the skating rink are
making great preparations for the car-
nival to-night. Evergreens will be placed
at each bent and will run up and along
the ratters, intertwined with red, white
and blue bunting, which will be draped
from the ridge of the rink to the ends and
sides. The lights will be shaded with
Chinese lanterns, and the whole decorations
finished with numerous Union
Jacks. There is a great interest awak-
ened, and it is expected the ice will be
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Mr. Ed. Austin sustained a rather bad
fall at the rink on Monday night last.
Before putting on his skates he helped a
beginner on to the ice and in turning
around while on the platform, slipped.
In his endeavor to save himself his back
was strained. He will be in bed for a
few days.

The hockey match between the Seniors
and Juniors last Wednesday night reflected
great credit upon both teams, but we
think that the Juniors are entitled to a
little more praise for the admirable game
they put up. The odds were against
them, but they made a good showing,
the game finishing 4 to 2 in favor of the
Seniors.

The following students have entered
the academy during the last two weeks :
Mr. R. J. Cooke, Rapide City; R. E. Metcalf and
H. H. Haggerty, Souris; D. A. Harper, Hay-
field; Thomas Black, Chater; C. H. Stev-
ens, Hamiota; E. H. Lawley, J. P. Mc-
Kay, H. J. McKay and H. E. McKay,
Brandon. The Brandon Academy will
open for day and evening classes Jan. 22.

Everybody suffers pain. It is the re-
sult of violation of nature's laws. Perry
Davis has done much to allay the suffer-
ing of the people by giving them out of
nature's storehouse "a balm for every
wound." Such is the Pain-Killer; it
stops pain almost instantly, is used both
internally and externally, and is of all
other pain remedies the Oldest and Best.
New size Big Bottle, 25c.

Constable Flower brought two Hunga-
tions down from Whitewood, N. W. T. on
Saturday last. The men, Louis Genier
and John Yanitska had been arrested on a
charge of theft and electing to have a
speedy trial were sent here to the county
court. The county court here, however,
cannot deal with the case as the offense
belongs to the jurisdiction of the territo-
ries.

One of Charles Costly's accomplices is
in trouble. It appears that previous to
the Miles shooting affray, Costly had
committed depredations in and around
Nipawin, had stolen goods, and for safe
keeping transferred them over into the
care of Joseph Donahue. This man has
now fallen under the law, and was sent
here by a Nipawin Justice of the Peace
on a charge of receiving stolen goods.

Mr. A. Stevens' assistant is reported to
have succeeded in making a medicine
which will deprive a cat of its voice with-
out injuring the cat otherwise. Seven
large tom cats were experimented upon
last week. They sat upon the peak of a
roof and made frightened faces at each
other for four hours without uttering a
sound. There are many people in town
who would like to secure a few ounces of
this wonderful medicine.

Sir Charles Tupper passed through
town on Saturday's express to Ottawa
in response to a telegram requesting his
immediate return, brought about by the
sudden demise of Sir John Thompson.

The wave of financial depression has
reached us on its course westward. This
last week the banks have been busy mail-
ing letters to depositors to the effect that
the rats on deposits has been reduced one

Wednesday morning witnessed a great
exodus of pilgrims on their way to Mecca,
their homes in Ontario and Maritime
provinces, to spend the Christmas holidays
with old friends.

The hospital contains 22 patients at
present. The nursing staff is reduced by
the retiring of Miss Fleming. The
treasurer acknowledges with thanks \$11
received from Thanksgiving services at
Hartney.

Mr. J. Murray, assistant superintendent
of the western division of the C.P.R.,
was in town this week, with a view to
the reduction of the number of
their employees.

In our last issue notice was made of a
young man brought from the west by Dr.
Bell, suffering mental aberration. We
now learn that his name is G. R. Reid
and was once a Presbyterian missionary at
Roland, Clegg and Rosebank, and until
recently was stationed at the Okanagan
mission, Vernon B. C.

Whether there is a counterfeiter in
town or not, there are quite a number of
spurious coins in circulation. The coins
are of the same weight and color as the
genuine, but when tested give a very leaden
ring. A sharp lookout will be necessary
to prevent being taken in by passing
them off as good ones.

Joseph Donaldson, butcher, has a fine
Christmas novelty hanging in his store on
Rosser Ave. in the shape of a splendid
four-year-old heifer, weighing 900 lbs.
Mr. Donaldson raised the animal and has
had it in feeding since October for his
Christmas trade.

The two front rows in the gallery in the
opera hall are to be held and sold as
reserved seats for the Choral Society's
concert. In doing this Mr. Hedges is
following a customary allotment of seats
in many large towns in the east, because
of the advantage of these rows. Many
people desire them rather than the back
seats in the body of the hall.

A notice of "a roll of money found"
brought to the finder upwards of a dozen
visitors within half an hour after the
notice was posted up. Each claiming
that they had lost the roll. Guesses at
the amount running from \$10 up to \$300.
Whether there are eleven rolls of bills
still lost or whether the eleven persons
are religiously scrupulous is for us to
surmise.

Sam Smoots has evidently eluded the
sharp grasp of the law. He was fined
\$100 and costs last Saturday morning and
given until 5 p.m. to get the money.
Shortly after the sentence he presented
himself before Mr. Nixon at the jail and
asked to be incarcerated, but Mr. Nixon
possessed no papers authorizing him to do
so and so Sam's request could not be
granted.

Whether Sam became despondent
because of non-admittance and
thought to scare the city people is not
known, but he has not been seen since
and further, no one evidently has the
slightest idea where he is, but "masses" is
"not in the cold ground" or water either
for that matter. It is surmised he has
followed another shaded character to
Duluth.

HAVE

..

YOU

..

REALIZED--

..

THAT...

OUR.....

Discount Sale

Affords you an opportunity

of saving

20 PER

CENT.

On all the DRY GOODS,

— CLOTHING,

— FURS, Etc.

You require to purchase
Hundreds have already taken advant-
age of

THIS MONEY SAVING SALE

And we are desirous that
many more should do likewise.

FURS ARE NOW SEASONABLE.

With such a big assort-
ment

There's no Place

Where such good values

prevail.

There's no Place

You'll feel so much at home

when shopping as you will

at the great and noted White

Front

Come to us for your Furs

and save money.

Again we wish you all the com-
piments of the season and thank you

for your very liberal patronage up to the

present time.

NATION & SHEWAN, Brandon

Nation & Shewan

Extend to their numerous
patrons and friends throughout
this Western city and country
their best wishes for

A Very Merry Christmas

AND

A Happy New Year

and at the same time beg to
remind them that the are

Headquarters

for useful

Christmas and
Holiday

Goods.

Great reductions have

been made on all lines of winter
goods throughout the store

and especially so on

Furs Goods of all kinds,

Clothing " " "

Blankets " " "

Mantles " " "

Dress Goods " " "

Underwear " " "

Winter Mitts & Gloves of all kinds

There's no Place

With such a big assort-
ment

There's no Place

Where such good values

prevail.

There's no Place

You'll feel so much at home

when shopping as you will

at the great and noted White

Front

Come to us for your Furs

and save money.

Again we wish you all the com-
piments of the season and thank you

for your very liberal patronage up to the

present time.

NATION & SHEWAN, Brandon

CASH HOUSE

Again we wish you all the com-
piments of the season and thank you

for your very liberal patronage up to the

present time.

NATION & SHEWAN, Brandon